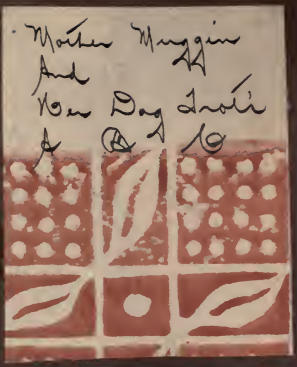
Mother Muggins
And
Her Dog Trusty

OLIVE·PERCIVAL
HER ♥ BOOK

MOTHER MUGGIN

AND

HER DOG TROT'S

A B C

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The Olive Percival
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Children's Books

MOTHER MUGGINS

And her Dog Trap's

A B C

Mother Muggins kept a school,
Where good boys learnt to spell
And if any boy played the truant
Their backs would smartly tell.

Twice 2 are 4.

Trap was an old good-natured dog,
And fond of children good:
But when dunces wore a clog,
Trap kept them from their food.
Trap knew his letters very well,
Though he could nothing utter,
And with his paw would often spell
For scraps of bread and butter

Twice 3 are 6.

But Mother Muggins kept a cat,
Quite useful in the house,
Who oft was worried by old Trap,
When she had caught a mouse.
But Mother Muggins taught him straight
To gossip with poor puss,
Who when the mouse-trap failed for bait
Was always found of use.

Twice 4 are 8.

When Mother Muggins sat to dine,
Trap sat beside with awe:
He barked to say, that bite is mine,
And touched with his paw.

Twice 5 are 10.

There was a surly butcher's dog
With eyes that darted fire,
As fat as any farmer's hog
That waddles in the mire.
And at Trap's window he would bark,
And snarl for hours together,
But Trap soon made the cure depart,
And bit his sides together.

Twice 6 are 12.

She made poor Trap a little coat,
And shoes of yellow leather,
Which made him on his mistress doteer.
And trudge through wind and weather.

Twice 7 are 14.

He learned to dance, to spell, to read,
And was the village wonder;
But cruel death will still succeed,
And bring each hero under.
Poor Trap grew blind and very lame,
His teeth and gums were bad:
He could not read, but lost his fame,
Which made his mistress sad

Twice 8 are 16.

Now death came in and took poor trap.
No more his tricks to view,
We all must feel his iron snap,
Prepare to follow too.
Be wise like him and learn to spell,
And wide your praise will shine;
If all your acts through life are well,
Fear not for Death or time.